TRUE WAR STORIES
ATOMIC
ATTACK!
10¢ IND
OCT. No. 8
BLOOD and GUTS
EXPEDITION "MEAT CHOPPER"

"The Island that DISAPPEARED"

"IT WAS THROUGH THE DESTRUCTION OF ENEMY ROCKET LAUNCHERS DURING THE MONTH OF AUGUST, 1977, THAT THE FORCES OF THE U.N. WERE ABLE TO BRING SAFETY TO THE CITIES OF THE WESTERN WORLD, AND STALEMATE A RED ATTACK THAT MIGHT HAVE CAUSED OUR ULTIMATE DEFEAT..."

U.N. OFFICIAL ARCHIVES

BEHIND THE DRY WORDS OF THE ABOVE PARAGRAPH LIES ONE OF THE MOST INTENSELY DRAMATIC STORIES OF THE LATE WAR... A STORY THAT FOR THRILLS, FAR EXCEEDS THE FICTION OF TODAY. HERE ARE THE EXCITING FACTS OF WHAT TOOK PLACE DURING THOSE DARK DAYS WHEN THE FATE OF THE DEMOCRATIC WORLD HUNG IN THE BALANCE...

EARLY IN AUGUST, 1977, ON THE U.N. FRONT IN ASIA...

AN ENEMY FLARE!

LOOK, SOMEONE'S TRYING TO REACH OUR LINES.

MAYBE IT'S A TRICK TO GET A SPY INTO OUR LINES. I'LL PLUG HIM!

WAIT! WE'LL TAKE HIM ALIVE. THEY'LL WANT TO QUESTION HIM AT H.Q.!

THE U.N. GUARDS FIRE CUT DOWN THE FLEEING MAN'S PERSUERS..
OKAY, BUSTER, THIS IS AS FAR AS YOU RUN!
THANK GOD, I MADE IT! TAKE ME TO HEADQUARTERS AT ONCE!

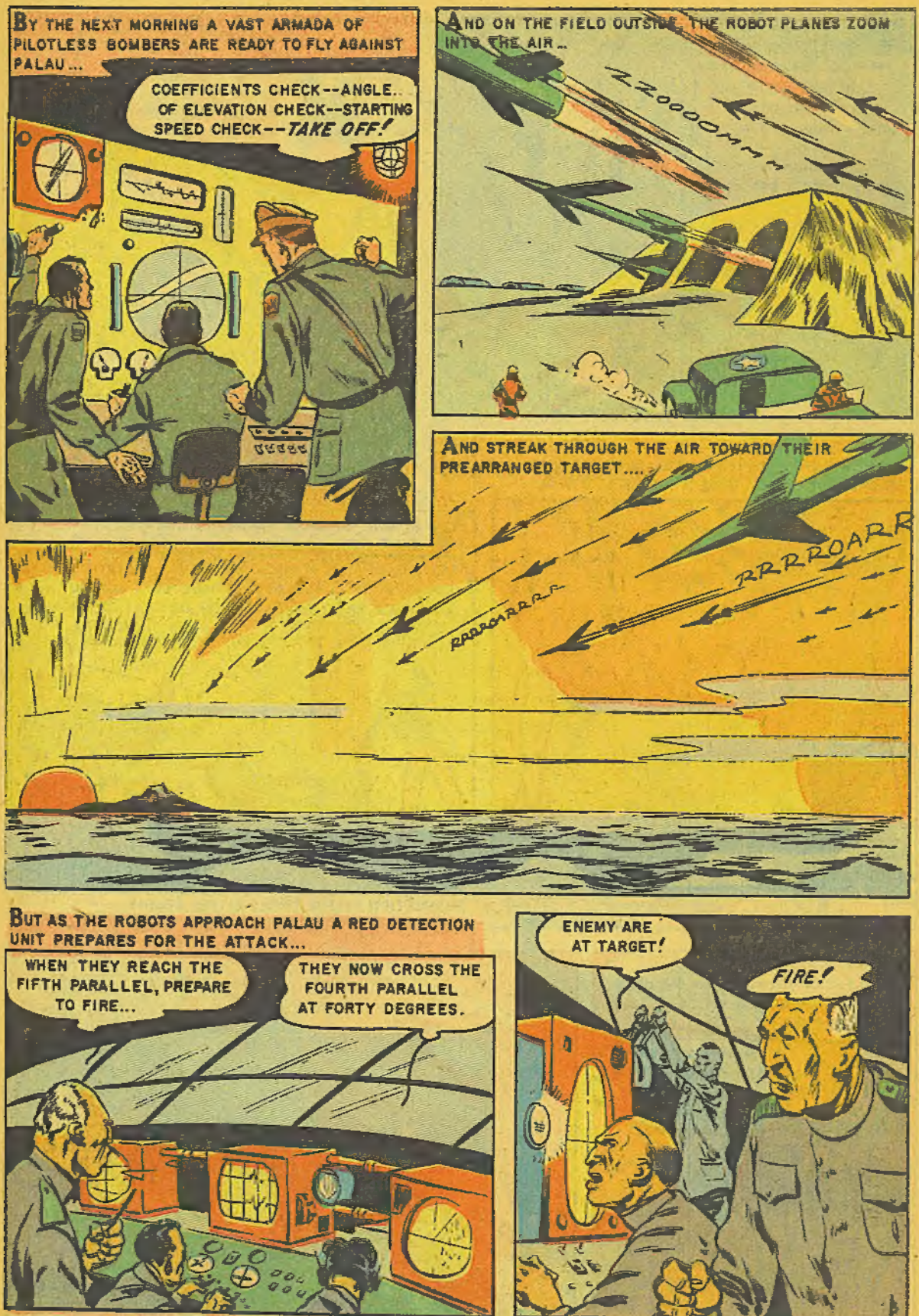
HEADQUARTERS?
THERE'S NO TIME TO WASTE. I'M MAJOR HALLECK, G2! INTELLIGENCE! THEY'LL IDENTIFY ME THERE.
ALL RIGHT, MEN, TAKE THIS MAN TO HEADQUARTERS, BUT KEEP A SHARP WATCH ON HIM. IT MAY BE A TRICK!

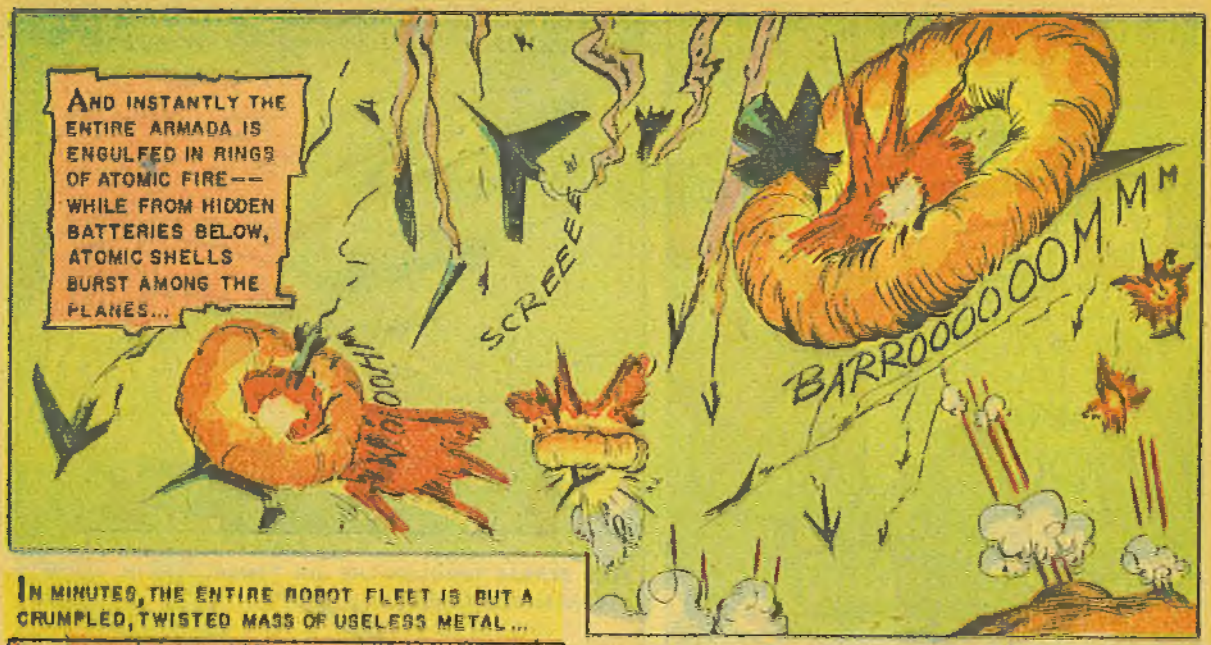
HIS IDENITY ESTABLISHED, MAJOR HALLECK TELLS A STORY THAT IS DESTINED TO ROCK THE U.N. COMMAND. . .

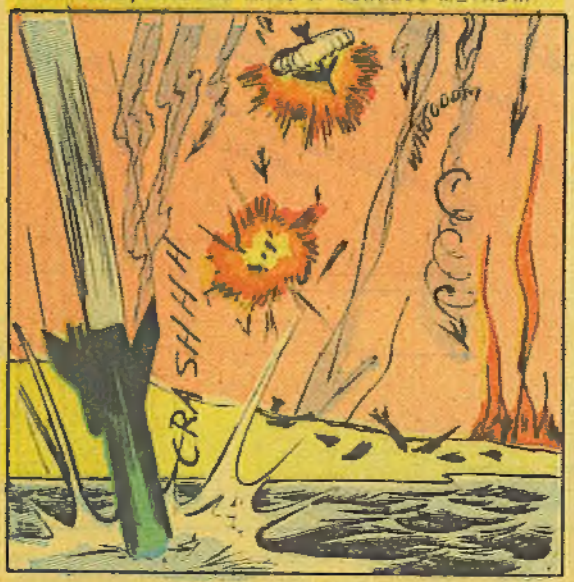
FROM PALAU THESE ROCKETS CAN BE ACCURATELY AIMED AT ANY CITY IN THE WORLD. WHEN THEY EXPLODE THEY WILL SPREAD RADIO-ACTIVE DUST FOR MANY MILES-- YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS..
YES. THOSE CITIES WILL DIE--BE UNINHABITABLE FOR YEARS TO COME.

YOU HAVE READ THESE PLANS, PLANS, MAJOR. CAN THEY BE STOPPED?
YES, BY RADAR DETECTION UNITS. BUT BY THE TIME WE BUILD AND INSTALL THEM IT WILL BE TOO LATE.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND. OUR CITIES ARE ALREADY EQUIPPED WITH SUCH DEVICES.

DON'T YOU SEE? IF THEY ARE EXPLODED IN ANY WAY OVER OUR CITIES THE ROCKETS ACCOMPLISH THEIR PURPOSE. THEY MUST BE STOPPED OVER THE PACIFIC WHERE THEY CAN DO NO HARM.
I SEE! THE LAUNCHERS MUST BE DESTROYED!

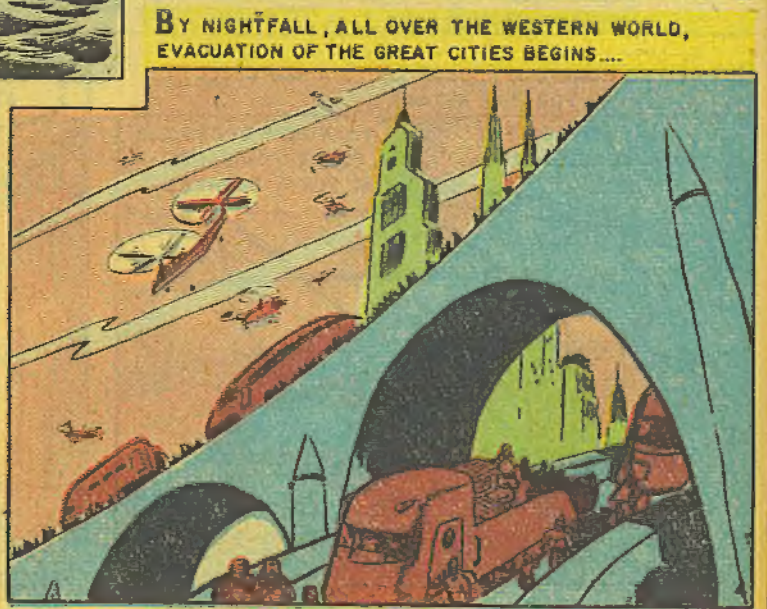

BY THE NEXT MORNING A VAST ARMADA OF PILOTLESS BOMBERS ARE READY TO FLY AGAINST PALAU...
COEFFICIENTS CHECK--ANGLE OF ELEVATION CHECK--STARTING SPEED CHECK--TAKE OFF!
AND ON THE FIELD OUTSIDE, THE ROBOT PLANES ZOOM INTO THE AIR...
ZZOOOOMMM
AND STREAK THROUGH THE AIR TOWARD THEIR PREARRANGED TARGET....
RRRROARR
RRRROARRR
BUT AS THE ROBOTS APPROACH PALAU A RED DETECTION UNIT PREPARES FOR THE ATTACK...
WHEN THEY REACH THE FIFTH PARALLEL, PREPARE TO FIRE...
THEY NOW CROSS THE FOURTH PARALLEL AT FORTY DEGREES.
ENEMY ARE AT TARGET!
FIRE!

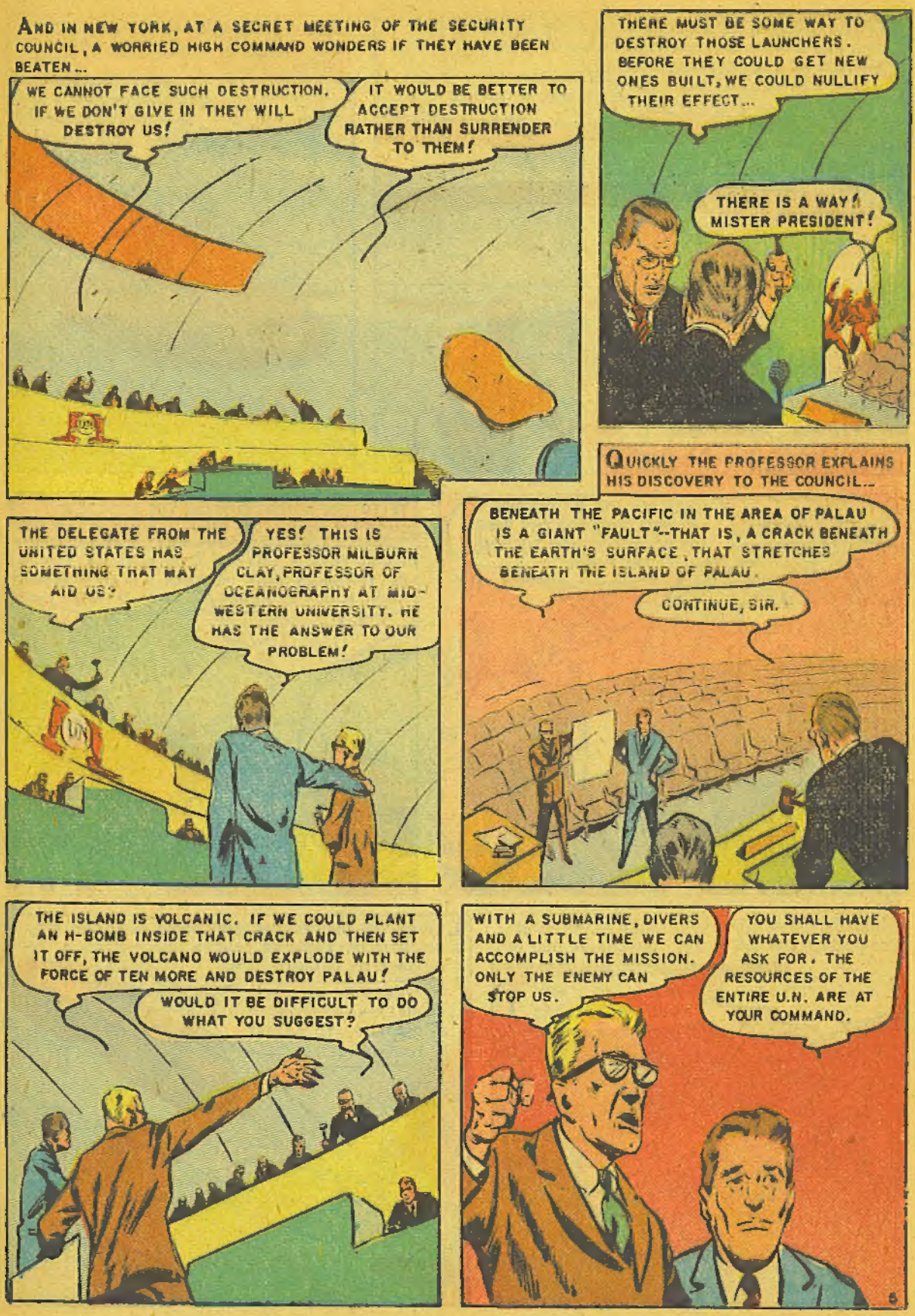

AND INSTANTLY THE ENTIRE ARMADA IS ENGULFED IN RINGS OF ATOMIC FIRE-- WHILE FROM HIDDEN BATTERIES BELOW, ATOMIC SHELLS BURST AMONG THE PLANES...
WHOOOM
SCREEE
BARROOOOOOMMM


IN MINUTES, THE ENTIRE ROBOT FLEET IS BUT A CRUMPLED, TWISTED MASS OF USELESS METAL...
CRASHHH
WHOOOOM

AND AT U.N. GENERAL HEADQUARTERS A MEETING OF THE JOINT HIGH COMMAND IS IN PROGRESS...
NOT ONE OF OUR PLANES ESCAPED. IT IS USELESS TO ATTACK THEM THAT WAY.
IT IS FANTASTIC. THEY HAVE LEFT NO SPOT NEAR OR ON THAT ISLAND IN A VULNERABLE POSITION.

THE SITUATION IS VERY GRAVE. UNLESS SOMETHING CAN BE DONE TO STOP THEM, OUR CITIES ARE DOOMED.
I THINK A MEETING OF THE SECURITY COUNCIL SHOULD BE CALLED IMMEDIATELY.


BY NIGHTFALL, ALL OVER THE WESTERN WORLD, EVACUATION OF THE GREAT CITIES BEGINS....


AND IN NEW YORK, AT A SECRET MEETING OF THE SECURITY COUNCIL, A WORRIED HIGH COMMAND WONDERS IF THEY HAVE BEEN BEATEN...
WE CANNOT FACE SUCH DESTRUCTION. IF WE DON'T GIVE IN THEY WILL DESTROY US!
IT WOULD BE BETTER TO ACCEPT DESTRUCTION RATHER THAN SURRENDER TO THEM!
THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO DESTROY THOSE LAUNCHERS. BEFORE THEY COULD GET NEW ONES BUILT, WE COULD NULLIFY THEIR EFFECT...
THERE IS A WAY! MISTER PRESIDENT!
THE DELEGATE FROM THE UNITED STATES HAS SOMETHING THAT MAY AID US?
YES! THIS IS PROFESSOR MILBURN CLAY, PROFESSOR OF OCEANOGRAPHY AT MID-WESTERN UNIVERSITY. HE HAS THE ANSWER TO OUR PROBLEM!
QUICKLY THE PROFESSOR EXPLAINS HIS DISCOVERY TO THE COUNCIL...
BENEATH THE PACIFIC IN THE AREA OF PALAU IS A GIANT "FAULT"--THAT IS, A CRACK BENEATH THE EARTH'S SURFACE, THAT STRETCHES BENEATH THE ISLAND OF PALAU.
CONTINUE, SIR.
THE ISLAND IS VOLCANIC. IF WE COULD PLANT AN H-BOMB INSIDE THAT CRACK AND THEN SET IT OFF, THE VOLCANO WOULD EXPLODE WITH THE FORCE OF TEN MORE AND DESTROY PALAU!
WOULD IT BE DIFFICULT TO DO WHAT YOU SUGGEST?
WITH A SUBMARINE, DIVERS AND A LITTLE TIME WE CAN ACCOMPLISH THE MISSION. ONLY THE ENEMY CAN STOP US.
YOU SHALL HAVE WHATEVER YOU ASK FOR. THE RESOURCES OF THE ENTIRE U.N. ARE AT YOUR COMMAND.
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WITHIN THREE DAYS A SLEEK ATOMIC SUB CARRYING AN H-BOMB AND A CREW OF EXPERT UNDERWATER DEMOLITION MEN TAKES OFF ON ITS DESPERATE JOURNEY....

MAY GOD GO WITH THEM!

AT TOP SPEED THE SUB HEADS ACROSS THE PACIFIC TOWARD THE ISLAND OF DESTRUCTION...

WHEN YOU ARE ALL OUTSIDE WE WILL PREPARE THE BOMB AND SEND IT TO YOU THROUGH THE LOCK.

SOME DAYS LATER, FAR BELOW THE PLACID PACIFIC, DIVERS EQUIPPED WITH SELF-PROPELLED SUITS PREPARE FOR THE DO-OR-DIE MISSION.

WITH THE DIVERS OUTSIDE, THE SUB CREW GINGERLY MOVES THE HUGE H-BOMB INTO PLACE.

I'LL FEEL A LOT BETTER WHEN THAT THING IS OUT OF HERE!

I'LL FEEL BETTER WHEN I'M FIFTY MILES AWAY FROM IT!

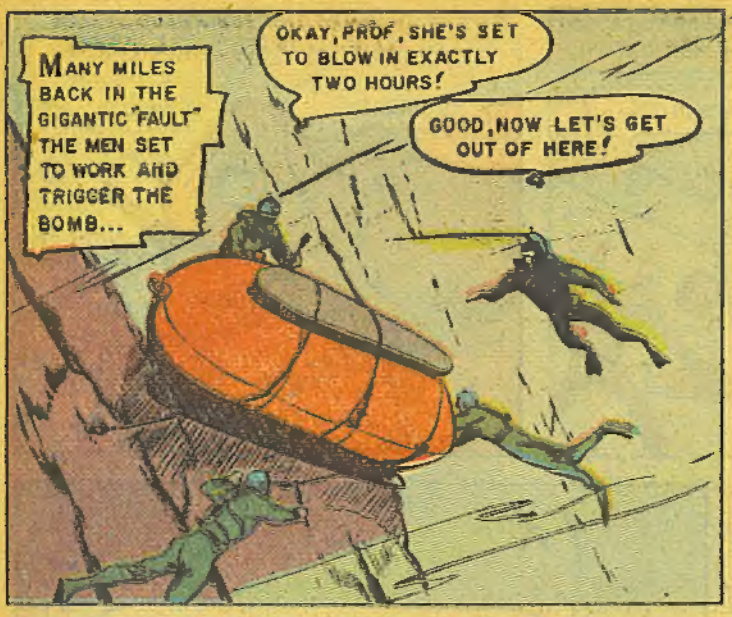
MINUTES LATER THE UNDERWATER DEMOLITION TEAM MEN FLOAT THE DEADLY EXPLOSIVE OUT OF THE LOCK....

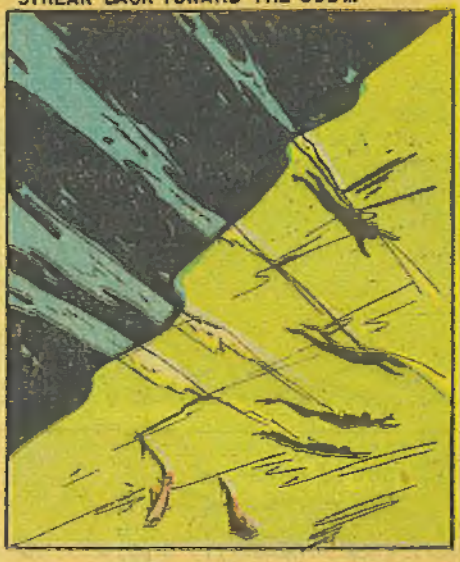
OKAY, PROF, LEAD THE WAY.

ALL RIGHT, START YOUR PROPELLERS.

LED BY THE PROFESSOR, THEY GUIDE THE BOMB INTO A GIGANTIC UNDERWATER CAVERN NEVER BEFORE EXPLORED BY HUMANS..

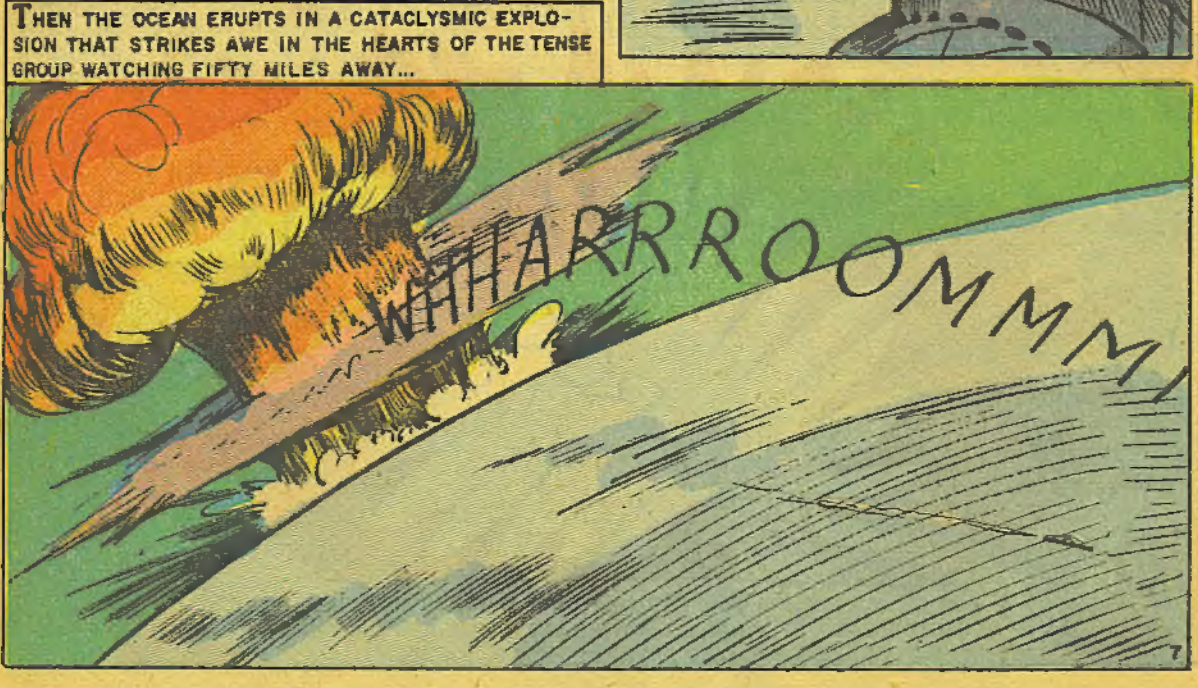
THE PRESSURE WILL GET STRONGER AND STRONGER. BE PREPARED TO ADJUST YOUR OXYGEN...


MANY MILES BACK IN THE GIGANTIC "FAULT" THE MEN SET TO WORK AND TRIGGER THE BOMB...
OKAY, PROF, SHE'S SET TO BLOW IN EXACTLY TWO HOURS!
GOOD, NOW LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

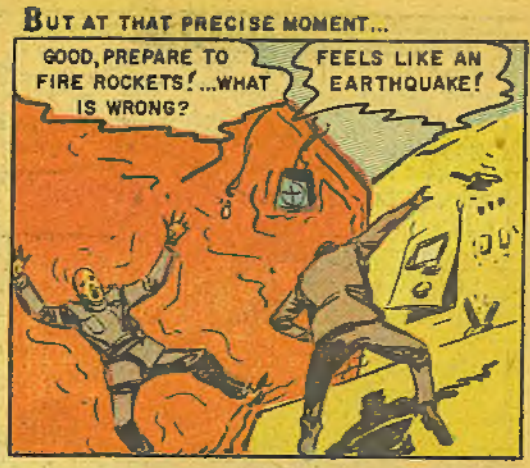

LIKE A SCHOOL OF FRIGHTENED FISH THEY STREAK BACK TOWARD THE SUB...

REACHING THE SUB THEY ARE DECOMPRESSED AND TAKEN ABOARD...
FULL SPEED AHEAD!
LET'S HOPE IT'S FULL ENOUGH! THAT THING BACK THERE GIVES ME THE JITTERS.

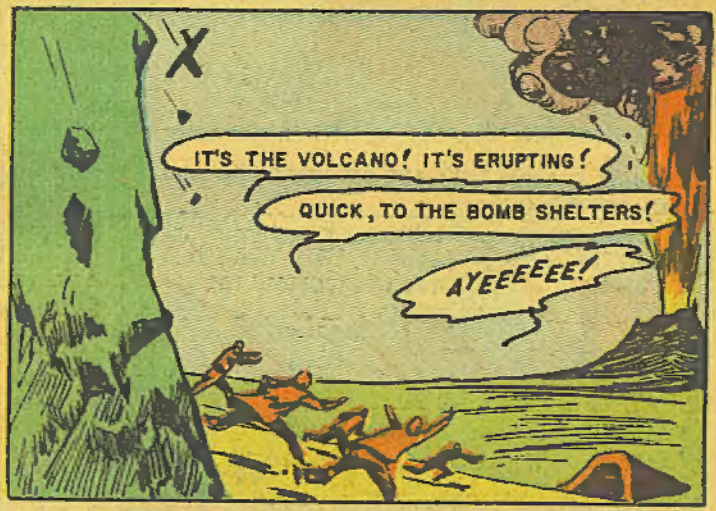
AN HOUR LATER, THE SUB SURFACES AND THE CREW CROWDS THE RAIL FOR A GLIMPSE OF WHAT IS ABOUT TO TAKE PLACE...
I CAN'T STAND IT! WHEN IS IT GOING TO GO?
ANY SECOND NOW!

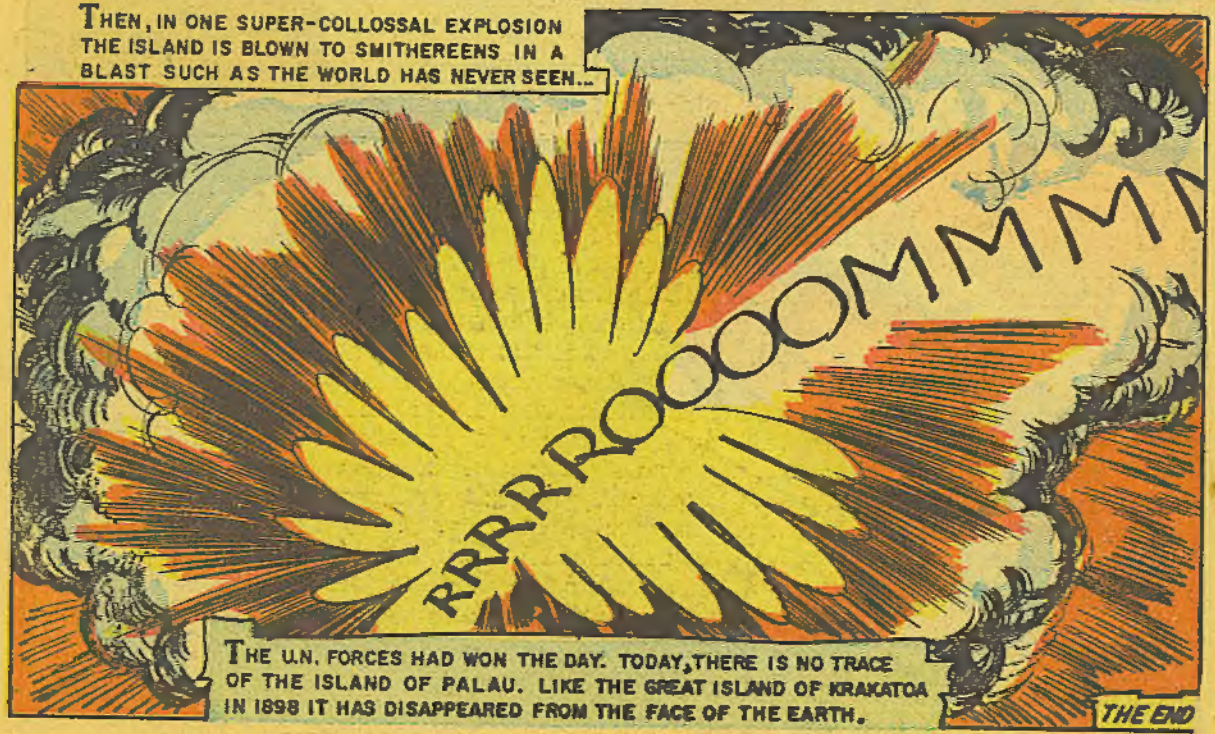

THEN THE OCEAN ERUPTS IN A CATACLYSMIC EXPLOSION THAT STRIKES AWE IN THE HEARTS OF THE TENSE GROUP WATCHING FIFTY MILES AWAY...
WHHARRROOMMM!

MEANWHILE ON THE ISLAND, THE REDS PREPARE TO LAUNCH THEIR FIRST ROCKET OF DESTRUCTION--IT'S DESTINATION, NEW YORK ....
THIS WILL BRING THE U.N. TO ITS KNEES. AS JAPAN QUIT AFTER THE ATOM BOMBING BACK IN 1945 SO WILL THE U.N. QUIT AFTER THIS...
READY, SIR!


BUT AT THAT PRECISE MOMENT...
GOOD, PREPARE TO FIRE ROCKETS!...WHAT IS WRONG?
FEELS LIKE AN EARTHQUAKE!

IT IS! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!


IT'S THE VOLCANO! IT'S ERUPTING!
QUICK, TO THE BOMB SHELTERS!
AYEEEEEE!


THEN, IN ONE SUPER-COLLOSSAL EXPLOSION THE ISLAND IS BLOWN TO SMITHEREENS IN A BLAST SUCH AS THE WORLD HAS NEVER SEEN...
RRRROOOOMMMM
THE U.N. FORCES HAD WON THE DAY. TODAY, THERE IS NO TRACE OF THE ISLAND OF PALAU. LIKE THE GREAT ISLAND OF KRAKATOA IN 1898 IT HAS DISAPPEARED FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH.
THE END

BLOOD AND GUTS

IN THE DARK DAYS OF WORLD WAR II, WHEN GERMANY WAS TRYING TO DESTROY THE MORALE AND SPIRIT OF THE ENTIRE WORLD BY HURLING BUZZ BOMBS ON THEIR FLIGHTS OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION, DISTURBING WORD REACHED THE ALLIED HIGH COMMAND OF A NEW AND MORE DEADLY WEAPON THAT MIGHT SOON BE UNLEASHED ON THE GREAT CITIES OF EUROPE. THIS IS THE HITHERTO UNTOLD STORY OF HOW TWO BRAVE MEN PREVENTED ITS USE ---TWO MEN WHO WERE THE LIVING EXAMPLES OF THAT FAMOUS NAME GIVEN TO GENERAL GEORGE PATTON "*BLOOD AND GUTS*"...

A CHILLY NIGHT IN THE FALL OF 1943, AS TWO MEN NEAR THE SHORE OF NORMANDY...

HERE WE ARE. KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED FOR KRAUT PATROLS.

WE GOT A BREAK. THERE'S NO MOON.

SO FAR SO GOOD. GOT TO DEFLATE THIS BOAT AND BURY IT.

I'LL FEEL A LOT BETTER WHEN WE CONTACT OUR MAN.

MAKING THEIR WAY THROUGH QUINEVILLE THE TWO FINALLY ARRIVE AT THEIR RENDEZVOUS IN ST. MERE EGLISE...

A PALE HORSE. AND HE THAT RIDES HIM?

DEATH...COME IN.

WE ARE LOOKING FOR LE RAIDER.

HE WAS EXPECTING YOU?

HE SHOULD BE. WE ARE UNDER ORDERS TO REPORT TO HIM. THIS IS PAUL THOMAS AND I AM LEW BURR, U.S. ARMY INTELLIGENCE.

SO? AND I, MONSIEURS, AM LE RAIDER. LET US GO TO THE CELLAR. WE CAN TALK MORE COMFORTABLY THERE.

IN THE CELLAR THE TWO MEN EXPLAIN THEIR MISSION...

THE HIGH COMMAND IS AFRAID THIS NEW GERMAN WEAPON WILL PROVE TO BE FATAL. WE ARE TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS.

OUI, YOU HAVE COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE. THE BOCHE ARE CONDUCTING THEIR EXPERIMENTS AT A ROCKET LAUNCHING SITE NEAR HERE.

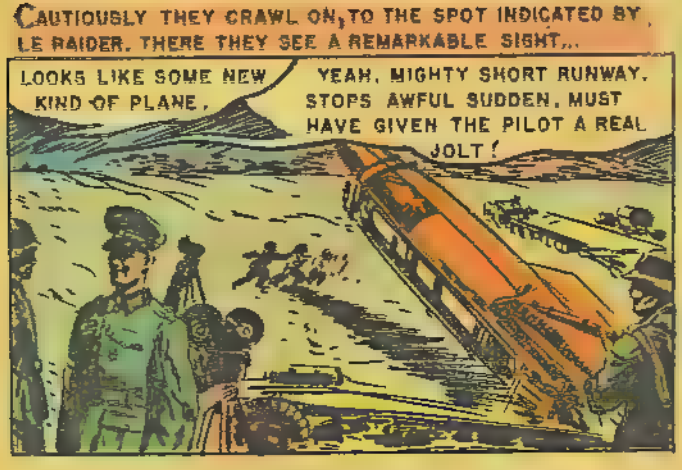
TOMORROW I WILL TAKE YOU FOR A RECONNAISSANCE. PERHAPS YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT THEY ARE DOING.

GOOD, WE'LL BE READY... NOW, IF WE COULD GET SOME SLEEP... IT HAS BEEN A LONG TRIP

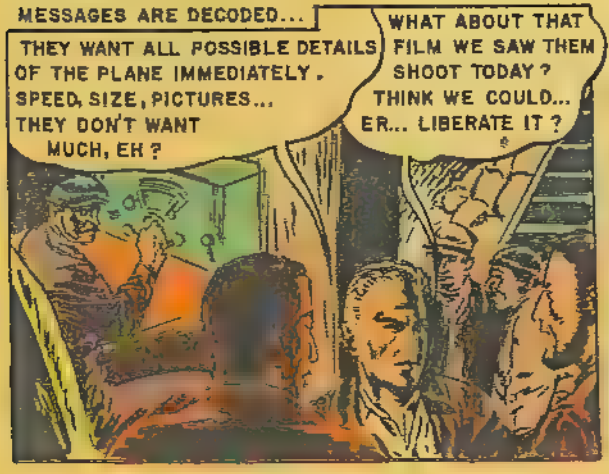
SOME HOURS LATER THREE FIGURES WORM THEIR WAY TOWARD ONE OF THE GERMAN MACHINE GUN NESTS THAT GUARDS THE LAUNCHING SITE...

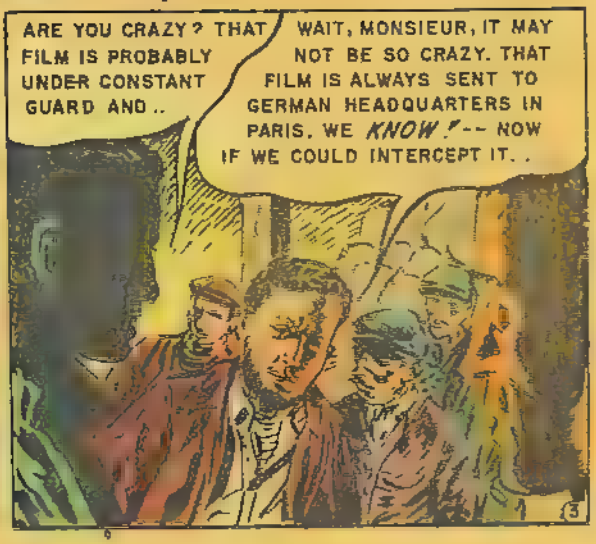
SUDDENLY THEY JUMP...
ACH...
YEE...UNNHH..

THERE IS A BRIEF STRUGGLE AND THEN...
THEY WON'T BOTHER US. WHERE TO NOW?
JUST A LITTLE FARTHER ON. THERE, WE CAN LOOK RIGHT IN ON THE LAUNCHING SPOT.


CAUTIOUSLY THEY CRAWL ON, TO THE SPOT INDICATED BY LE RAIDER. THERE THEY SEE A REMARKABLE SIGHT...
LOOKS LIKE SOME NEW KIND OF PLANE.
YEAH. MIGHTY SHORT RUNWAY. STOPS AWFUL SUDDEN. MUST HAVE GIVEN THE PILOT A REAL JOLT!

SAY, NO ONE GOT OUT! DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS?
HOLY SMOKE! THE GERMANS HAVE A PILOTLESS PLANE!


THAT NIGHT THE SECRET SHORTWAVE RADIO HUMMED BETWEEN LONDON AND LE RAIDERS HQ.... WHEN THE MESSAGES ARE DECODED...
THEY WANT ALL POSSIBLE DETAILS OF THE PLANE IMMEDIATELY. SPEED, SIZE, PICTURES... THEY DON'T WANT MUCH, EH?
WHAT ABOUT THAT FILM WE SAW THEM SHOOT TODAY? THINK WE COULD... ER... LIBERATE IT?


ARE YOU CRAZY? THAT FILM IS PROBABLY UNDER CONSTANT GUARD AND..
WAIT, MONSIEUR, IT MAY NOT BE SO CRAZY. THAT FILM IS ALWAYS SENT TO GERMAN HEADQUARTERS IN PARIS. WE KNOW!-- NOW IF WE COULD INTERCEPT IT..
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WE KNOW THAT THEY SEND A STAFF CAR ALONG THIS ROAD EVERY MORNING. IT CARRIES THE REPORTS AND FILMS TAKEN THE DAY BEFORE
IT'S WORTH A TRY. THEY WOULDN'T MISS THE CAR FOR SEVERAL HOURS.
SO BE IT! IN THE MORNING WE STRIKE!
GOOD. WE HAD BETTER RADIO LONDON TO HAVE THE SUB STANDING BY. IF WE ARE SUCCESSFUL, WE'LL HAVE TO GET OUT FAST
EARLY THE NEXT MORNING AS LE RAIDER AND THE OTHERS SCAN THE PARIS ROAD FOR THE GERMAN COMMAND CAR..
AH, THERE SHE IS! GET READY!
IT'S NOW OR NEVER!
VIVE LE RESISTANCE!
COME ON, LET'S GET TO THAT CRATE BEFORE IT BLOWS UP!
ONE OF YOU WATCH THE ROAD WHILE WE LOOK FOR THE FILMS!
AH, MONSIEUR, THESE GERMANS WILL NOT BOTHER US AGAIN.
BUT THOSE WILL! HURRY MONSIEURS! HURRY!
NOT A SIGN OF THE FILM

As the second German car bears down on them, its occupants send a hail of lead death at the desperate searchers. Finally, the film is found...

Back at resistance headquarters the men of the underground look at the captured film...

THOSE ARE THE PLANS FOR THE PLANE. THEY MUST HAVE ADDED THE FILM THEY SHOT YESTERDAY TO THIS.
WITH THIS INFO THE ALLIES CAN BUILD A PLANE AS GOOD AS THEIRS. WHAT A BREAK!

At that moment...

QUICK! YOU MUST GET OUT OF HERE. THE BOCHE ARE CONDUCTING A SEARCH OF EVERY HOUSE!
WHAT DO WE DO NOW!
WE ARE PREPARED. PIERRE, GASTON, HELP THEM GET READY!

Working at top speed Bunn and Thomas are disguised as German soldiers...

But as the two reach the door of the granary, a German search patrol enters...

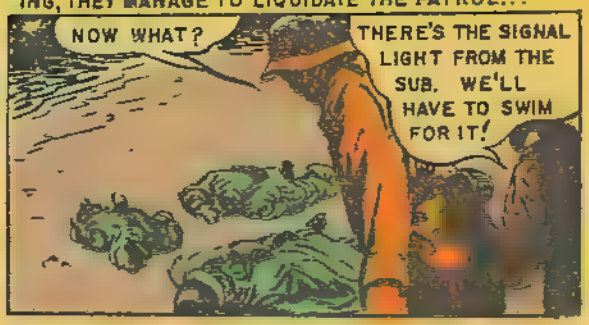
WHAT? HOW DID YOU GET HERE?
THESE MEN CALLED US. WE WERE IN THE BAR UP THE STREET.
YES, THEY HELD US AT GUN POINT. THEY RAN WHEN THEY SAW HELP COMING.

THEY ARE HEADING FOR QUINEVILLE. THIS MAN HEARD THEM TALKING.
THEY MUST BE THE ONES WHO HELD UP THE DISPATCH CAR. HURRY! WE MUST CATCH THEM.

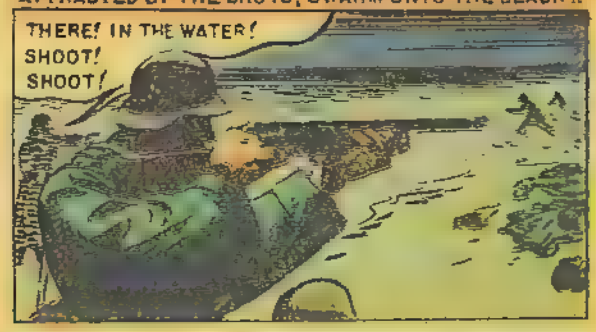
MANEUVERING THE GERMAN SGT. TO THE SPOT TO WHICH THEY WISH TO GO, THE TWO REACH THE BEACH WHERE THEY ARE TO MEET THE SUB. THEN...

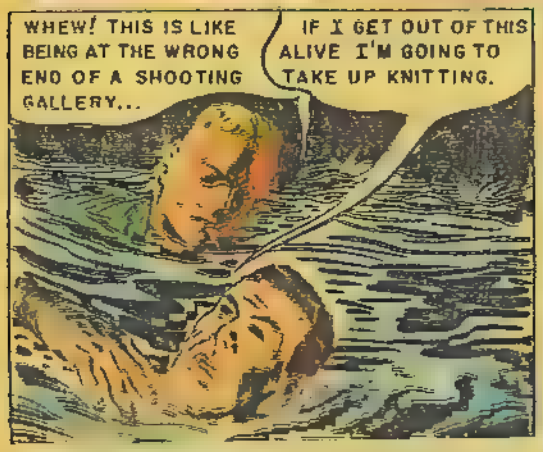
DESPERATELY, THE TWO BATTLE FOR THEIR LIVES AND THE PRECIOUS INFORMATION THEY HAVE IN THEIR POSSESSION...

USING ALL THE TRICKS OF THEIR COMMANDO TRAINING, THEY MANAGE TO LIQUIDATE THE PATROL...



DASHING TO THE SHORE THEY PLUNGE INTO THE CHILL WATERS. AT THAT MOMENT OTHER PATROLS, ATTRACTED BY THE SHOTS, SWARM ONTO THE BEACH..



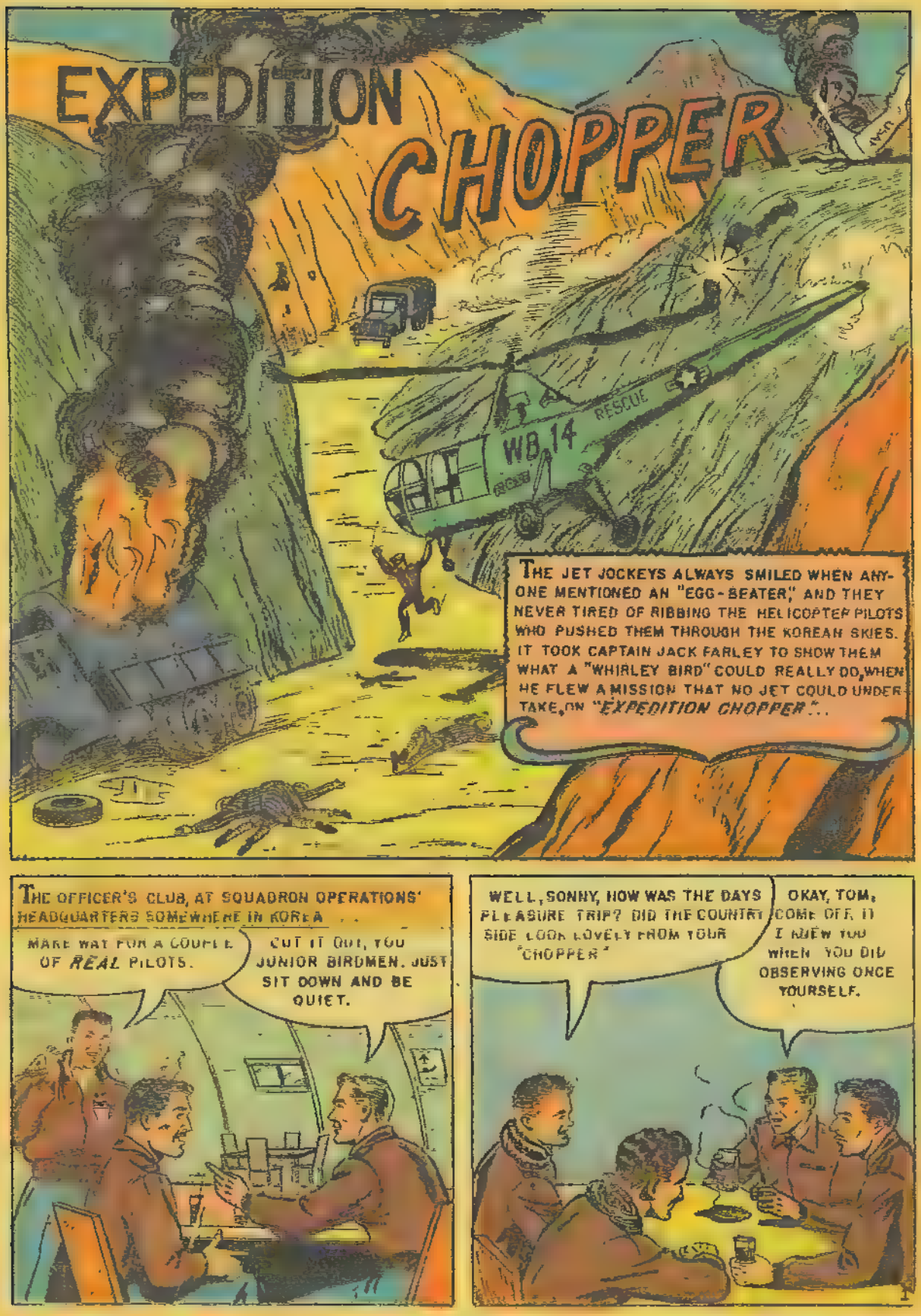


BUT FORTUNE IS WITH THEM, AND A COUPLE OF MINUTES LATER WILLING HANDS HAUL THEM ONTO THE SUB...

THEN, AS THE SHORE BATTERIES BEGIN TO FIRE, THE SUB SLOWLY SINKS FROM SIGHT AND STARTS THE JOURNEY HOME...

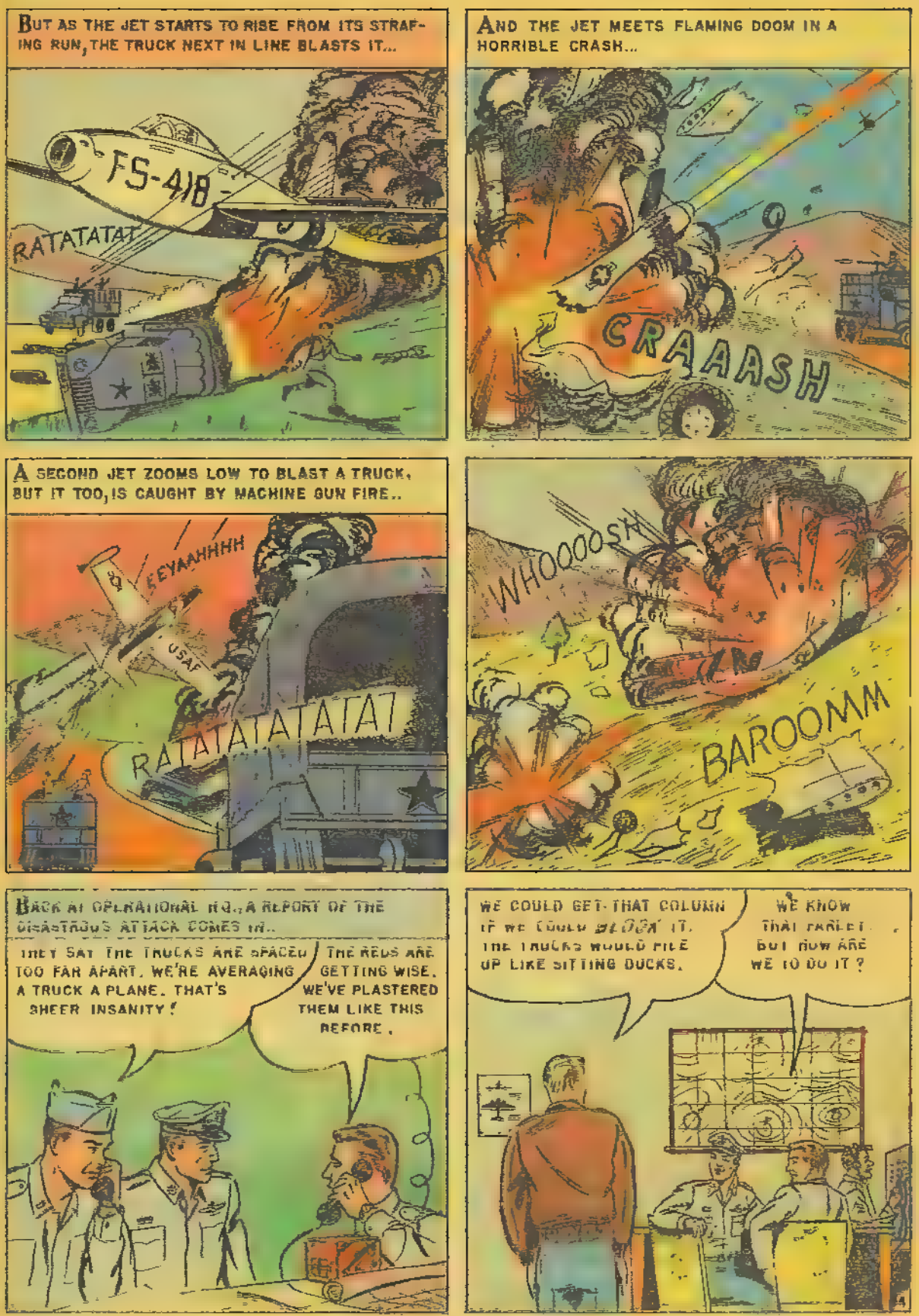
IN LONDON, BURR AND THOMAS WERE BOTH RECOMMENDED FOR THE DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS. THE THREAT OF THE NEW NAZI SECRET WEAPON WAS SQUASHED FOR GOOD...

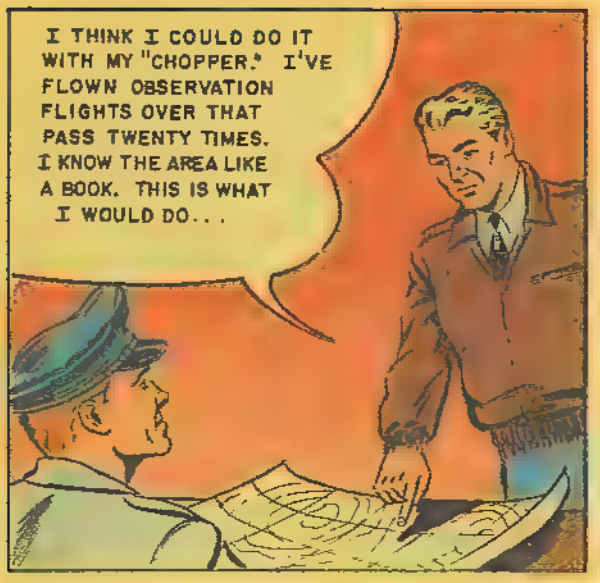
THE END...


EXPEDITION
CHOPPER
RESCUE
WB 14
THE JET JOCKEYS ALWAYS SMILED WHEN ANYONE MENTIONED AN "EGG-BEATER," AND THEY NEVER TIRED OF RIBBING THE HELICOPTER PILOTS WHO PUSHED THEM THROUGH THE KOREAN SKIES. IT TOOK CAPTAIN JACK FARLEY TO SHOW THEM WHAT A "WHIRLEY BIRD" COULD REALLY DO, WHEN HE FLEW A MISSION THAT NO JET COULD UNDERTAKE, ON "EXPEDITION CHOPPER"...
THE OFFICER'S CLUB, AT SQUADRON OPERATIONS' HEADQUARTERS SOMEWHERE IN KOREA . . .
MAKE WAY FOR A COUPLE OF REAL PILOTS.
CUT IT OUT, YOU JUNIOR BIRDMEN. JUST SIT DOWN AND BE QUIET.
WELL, SONNY, HOW WAS THE DAYS PLEASURE TRIP? DID THE COUNTRY SIDE LOOK LOVELY FROM YOUR "CHOPPER"
OKAY, TOM, COME OFF IT I KNEW YOU WHEN YOU DID OBSERVING ONCE YOURSELF.

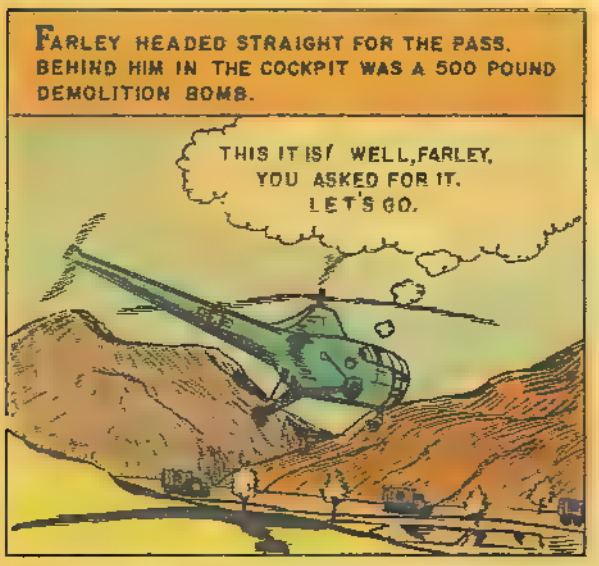
IF IT WASN'T FOR US HELICOPTER BOYS, SOME OF YOU MEN MIGHT STILL BE LYING OUT IN THOSE MOUNTAINS, ROTTING!
I WAS ONLY RIBBING YOU... COME ON, I'LL BUY YOU A COKE.
ONE OF THESE DAYS I'LL GET A CHANCE TO SHOW YOU WHAT A "WHIRLY-BIRD" CAN REALLY DO.
CAPTAIN FARLEY'S CHANCE WAS COMING SOONER THAN HE THOUGHT. AT THAT VERY MOMENT A PATROL SCOUTS THE HUNGAI PASS...
THIS PATROL HAS BEEN A BREEZE! I AIN'T SEEN NOTHING!
YEAH, WELL LOOK DOWN THERE! THE REDS ARE MOVING UP SUPPLIES, AND BY THE TON!
WE BETTER CONTACT THE C.P., AND TELL 'EM WHAT WE SAW.
AT THE C.P., THE COMMANDING OFFICER GOES INTO ACTION...
WE DON'T HAVE ENOUGH MEN TO STOP THOSE TRUCKS. LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR THE FLY BOYS!
I'LL CONTACT OPERATIONAL HQ.!

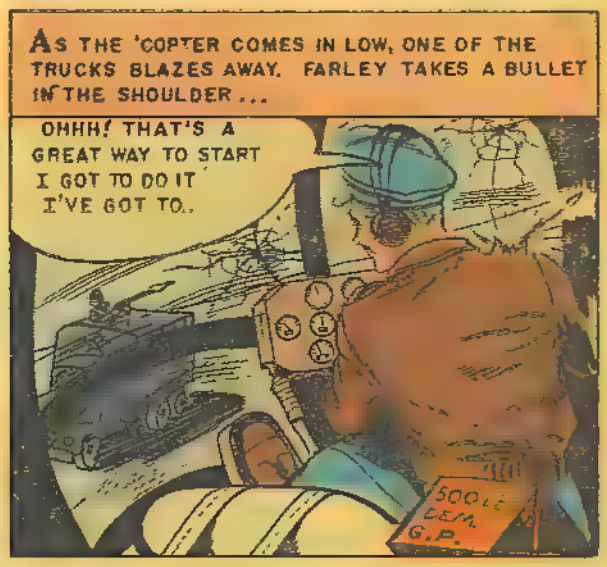
IN LESS THAN THIRTY MINUTES A SQUADRON OF JETS TAKES OFF...
THEY'LL BE THERE BEFORE WE CAN REACH THE OPERATIONS SHACK.
THOSE JET JOCKEYS SURE POUR IT ON.
FS-418
FS-4
AND STREAK THEIR WAY FOR THE PASS...
IN WHAT SEEMS NO TIME AT ALL, THEY ARE CIRCLING OVER THE ROAD NEAR THE PASS...
PREPARE TO DIVE... PEEL OFF!
AN INSTANT LATER...
LOOK -- LOOK! AMERICAN PLANE!
RRRROAAARRRR
USAF
YEEAHHHHH
RATATATATATATATATATAT
FS-418
RRRROARR
3

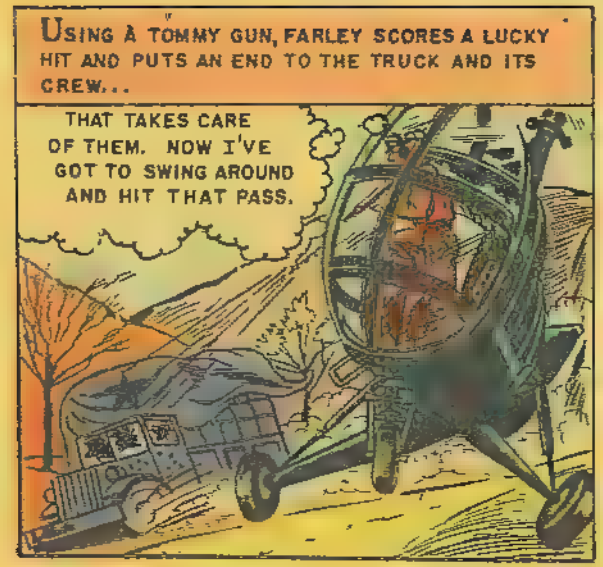

BUT AS THE JET STARTS TO RISE FROM ITS STRAFING RUN, THE TRUCK NEXT IN LINE BLASTS IT...
FS-418
RATATATAT
AND THE JET MEETS FLAMING DOOM IN A HORRIBLE CRASH...
CRAAASH
A SECOND JET ZOOMS LOW TO BLAST A TRUCK, BUT IT TOO, IS CAUGHT BY MACHINE GUN FIRE..
KEYAAHHHH
USAF
RATATATATATAT
WHOOOOSH
BAROOMM
BACK AT OPERATIONAL HQ., A REPORT OF THE DISASTROUS ATTACK COMES IN..
THEY SAY THE TRUCKS ARE SPACED TOO FAR APART. WE'RE AVERAGING A TRUCK A PLANE. THAT'S SHEER INSANITY!
THE REDS ARE GETTING WISE. WE'VE PLASTERED THEM LIKE THIS BEFORE.
WE COULD GET THAT COLUMN IF WE COULD BLOCK IT. THE TRUCKS WOULD PILE UP LIKE SITTING DUCKS.
WE KNOW THAT TOO! BUT HOW ARE WE TO DO IT?

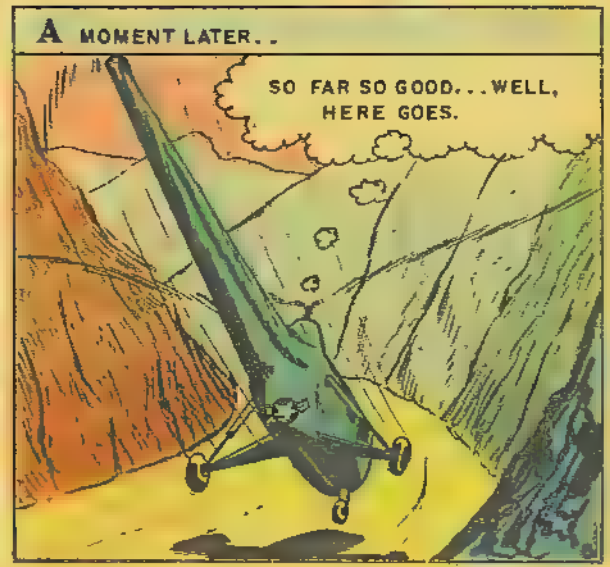

I THINK I COULD DO IT WITH MY "CHOPPER." I'VE FLOWN OBSERVATION FLIGHTS OVER THAT PASS TWENTY TIMES. I KNOW THE AREA LIKE A BOOK. THIS IS WHAT I WOULD DO...

TALKING LIKE A DEMON, FARLEY FINALLY CONVINCES THE COLONEL. MINUTES LATER HE TAKES OFF IN HIS "CHOPPER"...
HE'S NUTS. WE'LL NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN.
YOU AIN'T KIDDIN'. THOSE "CHOPPER" BOYS DON'T KNOW WHEN THEY'RE WELL OFF.

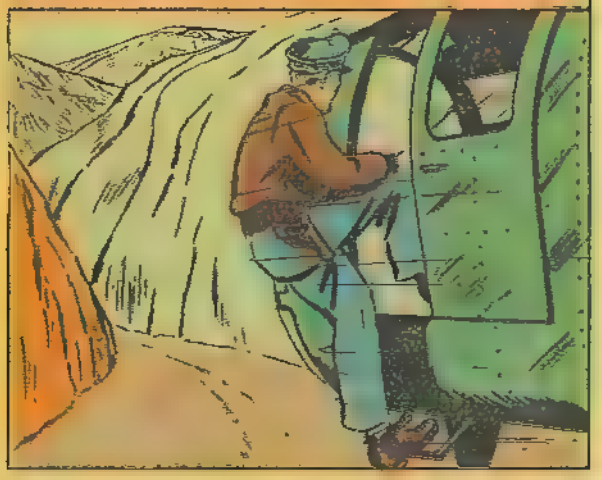

FARLEY HEADED STRAIGHT FOR THE PASS. BEHIND HIM IN THE COCKPIT WAS A 500 POUND DEMOLITION BOMB.
THIS IT IS! WELL, FARLEY, YOU ASKED FOR IT. LET'S GO.

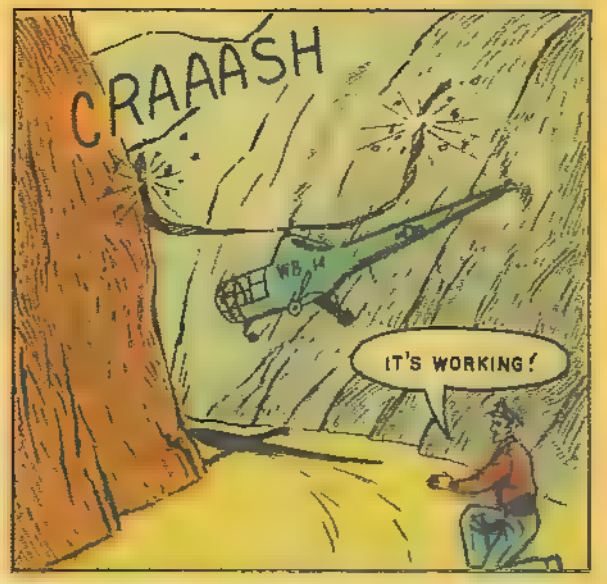

AS THE 'COPTER COMES IN LOW, ONE OF THE TRUCKS BLAZES AWAY. FARLEY TAKES A BULLET IN THE SHOULDER...
OHHH! THAT'S A GREAT WAY TO START I GOT TO DO IT I'VE GOT TO..
500 LB. DEM. G.P.


USING A TOMMY GUN, FARLEY SCORES A LUCKY HIT AND PUTS AN END TO THE TRUCK AND ITS CREW...
THAT TAKES CARE OF THEM. NOW I'VE GOT TO SWING AROUND AND HIT THAT PASS.

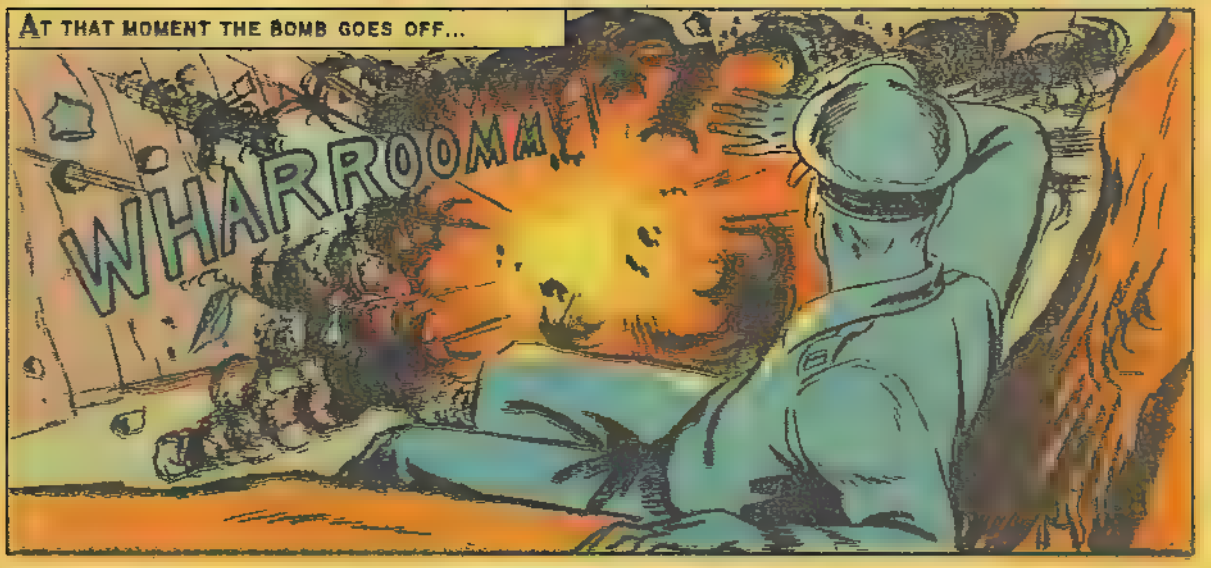

A MOMENT LATER..
SO FAR SO GOOD...WELL, HERE GOES.

SLOWLY THE 'COPTER PICKS UP SPEED AND SCOOTS TOWARD THE PASS AS FARLEY LEAPS FROM THE COCKPIT...

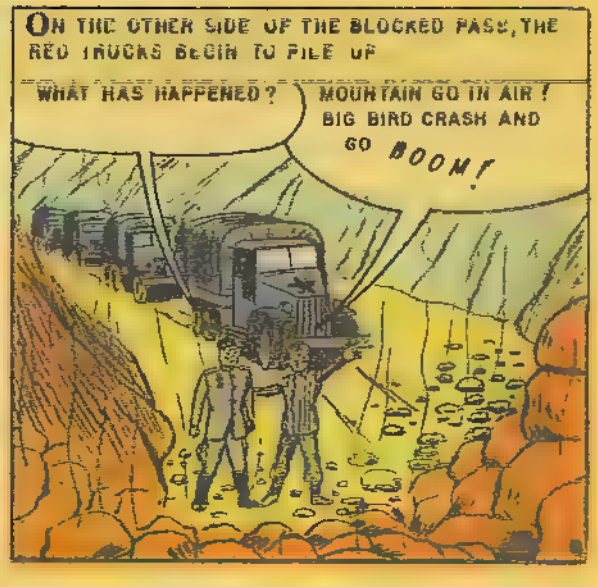




AT THAT MOMENT THE BOMB GOES OFF...



ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BLOCKED PASS, THE RED TRUCKS BEGIN TO PILE UP



AS THEY TALK, A DISTANT ROAR BECOMES LOUDER...
LOOK! AMERICAN PLANES.
THEY COME DOWN ON US!
FLEE! FLEE!
NO! NO! SHOOT THEM DOWN!
RAINING EXPLOSIVES ON THE CLOSELY PACKED TRUCKS, THE JETS COMPLETELY DESTROY THE SUPPLY TRUCKS...
BAROOOMMM
F5-251
RROARRRR
WHOOM
THE FOLLOWING DAY, FARLEY, RESCUED BY A "CHOPPER" RECEIVES A DELEGATION OF JET PILOTS AT THE FIELD HOSPITAL...
HI, FELLOWS, DID YOU HAVE FUN YESTERDAY?
SURE, THANKS TO YOU... ER WE BROUGHT SOMETHING FOR YOU.
WE FIGURED YOU FINALLY PROVED YOUR POINT. YOUR "EGG BEATERS" ARE SOME GOOD AFTER ALL. SO WE'RE CONFERRING ON YOU, THE JET JOCKEY EGG BEATER AWARD.
US
THE END

HEROES ARE BORN, NOT MADE
THE RATS! THEY SHOT THE MEDIC!
SOMEBODY'S GOT TO GET THE SARGE!
PETE KORN WAS THE PERFECT YARDBIRD. WHEN THERE WAS A BATTLE TO BE FOUGHT WITH POTS AND PANS ON K.P. OR A DIRTY DETAIL TO BE TAKEN CARE OF, YOU COULD BE SURE HE'D GET THE JOB. BUT WHEN THE CHIPS WERE DOWN, PETE PROVED THAT "HEROES ARE BORN, NOT MADE"...

FROM THE TIME WE BEGAN OUR TRAINING AT FORT BRAGG, IT SEEMED AS IF PETE KORN AND SGT. "BULL" WHIP WERE DESTINED TO GET INTO EACH OTHERS HAIR...
A FINE LOT OF MATERIAL THEY'RE GIVIN' US THESE DAYS. ...YOU! STAND UP STRAIGHT— WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
PETE KORN ER.. SIR.

KORN, EH? YOU LOOK IT, BUT I'LL MAKE A SOLDIER OUT OF YOU OR BUST A GUT TRYIN'. THE FIRST THING IS DON'T CALL ME SIR!
YES, SIR... ER, SARGE.

FROM THE FIRST DAY, PETE WAS ALWAYS IN HOT WATER IT JUST SEEMED AS IF HE COULDN'T DO ANYTHING RIGHT...
OKAY, MEN, GET THOSE PACKS ROLLED GET ON IT! KORN, WHAT DO YOU CALL THAT MESS?
IT., IT GOT TANGLED.. I GUESS
YES, SIR.
YEAH, YEAH... WELL, TAKE THIS PACK AND START ALL OVER AGAIN. AND DON'T MOVE FROM HERE TILL YOU LEARN TO MAKE A PACK THAT LOOKS LIKE A PACK...YOU HEAR?
I TOLD YOU NOT TO CALL ME SIR!
YES, SIR...ER SARGE.
EVEN ON K.P. HE MANAGED TO GET INTO TROUBLE...
KORN! GOOFIN' OFF, HUH! GET UP OUT OF THERE AND GIVE THOSE MEN A HAND!
YES, SIR!
BLAST IT, YOU CLUMSY OX! I'LL..I'LL.. OHHHHH!
I'LL BRUSH YOU OFF, SIR!
DON'T CALL ME SIR!! WHEN YOU GET THIS SLOP CLEANED UP, GET BACK IN THAT KITCHEN AND STAY THERE! GRRR!

WHEN OUR BASIC TRAINING WAS COMPLETED, WE WERE SHIPPED TO KOREA. AS WE BOARDED THE TRANSPORT...
GET A MOVE ON, MEN. STEP ON IT!
COME ON, KORNY, MOVE UP!
YEEEOW!
I'M GOING ...OOOPS!
KORN, I....GET HIM ON THAT SHIP AND WATCH HIM. I WANT US TO GET TO KOREA IN ONE PIECE.
I...I SLIPPED.
IN KOREA IT WAS THE SAME THING. THE ONLY DIFFERENCE WAS THAT PETE BEGAN TO DO A SLOW BURN...
OKAY, KORN, YOU'LL STAND 0200 GUARD TONIGHT.
BUT, SIR...I MEAN, SARGE, I JUST PULLED GUARD DUTY.
SHUT UP AND GET YOUR RIFLE. I DON'T TRUST YOU AROUND HERE. GET MOVING.
THAT GUY BETTER STOP PICKIN' ON ME! ONE DAY I'LL LET HIM HAVE IT.
TAKE IT EASY, KORNY. DON'T LET HIM GET YOU DOWN.

AND SO THINGS WENT. "BULL" NEVER GAVE PETE A CHANCE AND PETE BEGAN TO HATE HIM...
THE REDS ARE POURING IN AND WE'RE GOING UP ON THE LINE. THEY'VE CALLED FOR REINFORCEMENTS. GET MOVIN'!
AND YOU, KORN, DON'T PULL ANY GOOFY STUNTS. I GOT ENOUGH TO WORRY ABOUT.
CUT IT OUT, SARGE. I GOT ENOUGH!
ARE YOU TALKING BACK TO ME? WHY YOU SAD SACK! I'LL....NEVER MIND, WE'LL SETTLE THIS WHEN WE GET BACK.
OKAY, SIR!
TAKE IT EASY, PETE.
BY DAWN WE WERE UP ON THE LINE. THEN THE RED ATTACK BEGAN...
OKAY, LET'S BLAST 'EM OUT OF THERE!
SUDDENLY, A HORDE OF REDS POURED OUT ON US IN A SUICIDE CHARGE...
HERE THEY COME! LET THEM HAVE IT!
EEEEYAHHH! KILL YANKEES!

WHEN IT WAS OVER WE HAD THE REDS ON THE RUN. WE LOOKED AROUND AND TOOK ACCOUNT...
THINK THEY'LL TRY AGAIN?
I DON'T KNOW... HEY, WHERE'S THE SARGE?
MEDIC! MEDIC!
THE SARGE, I AIN'T...LOOK!
HELP! HELP ME!
A MOMENT LATER THE MEDIC RAN OUT. BUT AS HE NEARED THE SPOT WHERE SARGE LAY, A BURST OF ENEMY FIRE CUT HIM DOWN...
THE DIRTY RATS! THEY SHOT THE MEDIC!
HELP! HELP!
THEY'RE USING THE SARGE AS BAIT. THEY'LL PLUG ANYONE WHO GOES AFTER HIM!
WE CAN'T LET HIM LAY THERE LIKE THAT. I'M GOING TO BRING HIM IN.
YOU? YOU'RE GOING TO RISK YOUR LIFE FOR HIM? I THOUGHT...
AW, SHUT UP! HE'S HURT AND HE NEEDS HELP!
THEN HE WAS GONE. PETE ZIGZAGGED HIS WAY OUT TO WHERE THE SARGE LAY GROANING...
I'M COMIN'!
OHHH!

SOMEHOW HE MANAGED TO REACH THE SARGE UNTOUCHED...
OHHH...KORN! YOU..YOU CAME AFTER ME?...
SHUT UP AND PUT YOUR ARMS AROUND MY NECK.
AND A MOMENT LATER HE BEGAN THE TOUGH JOB OF DRAGGING THE WOUNDED WHIP BACK...
CAN YOU HANG ON?
YEAH, KID...I GUESS SO...UHH.
AT TIMES IT SEEMED AS IF THEY WOULD NEVER MAKE IT...
GO ON, KID, LEAVE ME ALONE AND GET BACK YOURSELF...YOU...YOU'LL NEVER MAKE IT WITH ME.....
SHUT UP AND HOLD ON! HERE WE GO AGAIN!
IT MUST HAVE BEEN A DAY FOR MIRACLES, FOR A FEW MINUTES LATER WILLING HANDS PULLED THEM THEM TO SAFETY...
KORNY, YOU'RE A HERO!
LATER...
THANKS, KID, YOU SAVED MY LIFE--AND AFTER THE ROUGH TIME I GAVE YOU--
AW, IT WASN'T ANYTHING.
I THOUGHT YOU HATED MY GUTS. WHY'D YOU DO IT, KORNY?
AW, I FIGURED OUR NEXT SARGE MIGHT BE WORSE THAN YOU. I JUST WASN'T TAKING ANY CHANCES...
—THE END—